TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES
OR
SIXTY DAYS IN AMERICA.
LONDON.

Coll.
Kennard, Edward

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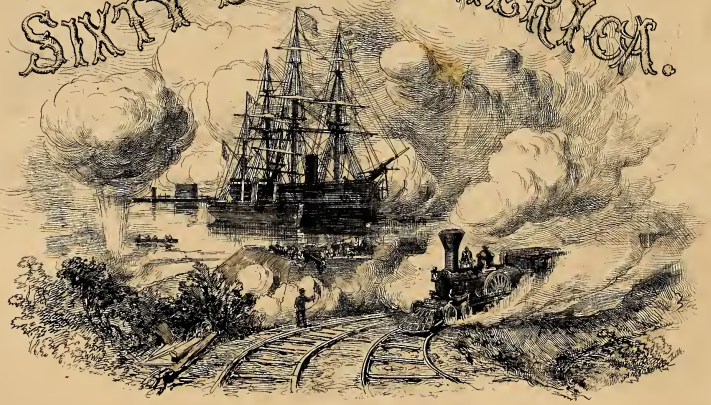


LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, SON AND MARSTON, MILTON HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL.

Without a written explanation, my Sketches, I am told, might be somewhat meaningless; I have therefore added a few extracts from my Journal, which will meet, I trust, with friendly criticism.

JOURNAL.

February 24th.—London to Liverpool.

February 25th.—Our departure is at hand; paddling and puffing, hissing and screaming; the little Mersey steam tug crumbles its way through the yellow foam and morning mists to join the *Cuba* steam ship, lying at her moorings a little distance down the river. As may be imagined, our future shipmates were the first objects to attract attention. "Where are the ladies?" I inquired *sotto voce* of my travelling companion; when, above the Angel in wood at our figure-head, arose another in crinoline, majestic, beautiful. To paint myself an unimpassioned spectator would be a

deliberate falsehood; I was overcome; my pulses beat. I had heard and read much of the pleasures of sea life in agreeable society; of flirtations by smoke-stacks, and paddle-box *têtes-à-têtes;*—here before me was all the mind of man could desire.

"Transatlantic maiden!" I contemplated saying, "take compassion on me; young and friendless, befriend me; tell me of thy mountains, of thy water-falls, of thy 'possum, of thy cinnamon tree; while again in mirrored image shall the bounding buffalo of thy boundless prairie flee fast with frantic fury before the death-dealing dart of thy deadly Dahlgren."

Thus I mused, when lo! the innocent cause of my emotion took leave in the departing steam tug. I called for an "eye-opener," but was recommended a "corpse-reviver." *

* The above strange sounding substantives are used by our vivacious cousins to denote certain beverages peculiar to the country. "Ladies smiles," "Morning blushes," "Jersey lightning," "Brandy smashes," "Whisky cocktails," these are a few among the many, which, with a fascinating facetiæ, an American bar-keeper invites the passing loafer "to place himself without."

Our males on board are manifold; French, German, Irish, American, with a fair proportion of the burly Britisher. Eleven strikes; the parting bell is ringing, blue-peter descends, we are off at last; off with a fair nor'wester of thirteen knots an hour; a thousand sea gulls follow in our wake.

February 27th.—Ireland. Sala says—"I shall never forget that the last view I had of Ireland was on the jetty "at Queenstown, and in the shape of a horde of lamentable ragamuffins, of both sexes and all ages, holding out their "dismal dirty hands for alms—alms that were flung to them as one would fling nuts into a cageful of baboons." Mr. Sala must have been sea-sick, or otherwise indisposed, before so much maligning the lads of Queenstown; a gayer, merrier set of happy Irishmen could nowhere be met with.

We had taken a walk on shore attended by the natives, we had taken luncheon on shore and had feasted on the

natives;* it was but fair the natives in return should expect to feast a little on British hospitality. So to the Quay they came, young and old, hale and hearty; but where the "dismal monuments of man's cruelty and oppression" were, I, for one, failed to discover.

March 5th.—We have been eight days at sea; through fair weather and foul we have made six hundred knots in the last eight-and-forty hours, we have smoked our hundred calumets, we have lost and won at lansquinet and other games of chance, we have passed the Newfoundland fog banks, and are now in the region of ice-bergs, the cold rapidly increasing. We rise at eight, breakfast at nine, lunch at twelve, dine at four, tea at seven, sup at ten; all lights extinguished by midnight; we read little, eat much, play whist, and keep a book on the ship's run.

* Indigenous oysters.

March 9th.—The sister cities are in sight, Jersey City, New York, and Brooklyn. Land we made this morning a little before ten,—Long Island,—a flat, uninteresting coast line stretching north and south for eighty or a hundred miles or so. The sun above shone brightly, as, entering The Narrows, we passed the gloomy guns of Fort La Fayette;—we are now in New York harbour, while tugs with wondrous engines, are warping us about in a marvellous manner. Kind friends are standing on the quay to welcome us. We clear our luggage, and cross the Hudson in a strange, two-storied steamer, stranger than the strangest steam tug. Our road "up town" we take through Broadway, passing the stores of Ball and Black and Stewards, perhaps the finest shop fronts in the world; yet, notwithstanding so much splendour, with the general effect I was somewhat disappointed. Huge advertising placards, stretched across the principal streets, foreclose all attempt at distant vistas; marble palaces and tumble-down gin-stores arise simultaneously; the streets, cut to pieces with tram-lines, are bad, and filled with holes; the foot-

paths, on which the paving stones seem in many places to have fallen together by accident, are, if possible, worse.*

March 22nd.—First impressions are perhaps of little value—as such I offer mine. A fortnight has now elapsed, I am delighted with all I see, and pleased with everything I hear. Society across the Atlantic is very different from what we meet in Europe. Paris ladies I always thought the most brilliant; they are nowhere beside an American belle, the entire freedom of the fair sex seeming throughout to be the first object of American Legislation. "What are nursery balls?" I inquired the other day of an intelligent citizen. "They are," he replied, "bread-and-butter "entertainments, from whence the wedded element is excluded—entertainments given by the young ladies of a house-"hold, independently of papas and mammas, to which none but the young unmarried are invited." But let it not be

* Penning the above, I had not seen the finer thoroughfares "up-town." New York, in time, when trees are grown in the Central Park, and roads now in construction are completed, will be, I doubt not, a magnificent city.

imagined Columbia's dames are without their privileges; for instance, during the last week, it has been my lot, as a stranger, to fall under the protection of one of the most fascinating and agreeable of New York married ladies. Without remark from any one, we drive, walk, ride, with the greatest impunity; and nightly at her opera-box, I am assured, I shall ever be a welcome visitor. To-morrow morning I expect some introductions to Washington from a young lady I had the honour to escort alone to a ball last night. As yet, however, I have not been introduced to parental authority, nor is it necessary to inquire for pater and materfamilias in paying respects at the shrine of their youthful innocents.

In England, perhaps, such freedom might be attended with unsatisfactory results. In America it is quite the reverse—one country cannot be judged by the standard of another. A lady in the United States, and indeed womankind in general, besides being more highly educated than those at home, and consequently better capable of taking

care of themselves, are far more considered by the male portion of the community. In America, a married woman holds property in her own right, and disposes of it as she pleases. No man, no matter how exalted his social position, would think of remaining seated while a woman, though belonging to the poorest of her sex, were standing beside him. The street railway cars afford at every corner convincing proof of this. During business hours, these vehicles become densely crowded, every available square inch of standing room being in eager request; yet the moment a woman, parasol in hand, makes a dash down the tram-way, the living mass at once divides, while a seat within is vacated and accepted, not as a favor but as a right, beyond all question of infringement.

Having commented on the ladies, I have now the gentlemen to consider; and Jonathan at home, I would first remark, is a far better fellow than Jonathan abroad. Seated on his own hearthstone, surrounded by his household gods, the kindliness of his nature is at once apparent, and hospitality and affection become the leading features of

his character. In Europe, I am sorry to say, this is not always the case. Forgetting the copy-book maxims of his childhood, from the want of a little tact, our ears are constantly assailed with boasting parallels and ill-advised comparisons, so subversive of the cordiality we should otherwise delight to bestow on our gifted relations. America is certainly a very great country, and all honour be to those who have made it so; nevertheless we do not wish to be assured of the fact more than once at least in the four-and-twenty hours, nor is it pleasant that conversation should invariably drift into a current where Brother Jonathan takes toll for America at every lock-gate.

On politics I shall not venture an opinion. Whether "Republicans" are right, and "Democrats" are wrong; whether "War Christians" are in earnest, or "Copper-heads" in *extremis;* whether Lincoln or Mc Clellan, Slavery or Freedom, are questions at issue. They are matters of too grave importance to be discussed in the scribblings of a note book.

In New York, there are few objects of public attraction. "While poor men starve," say they, "we cannot afford "to keep rich ones gaping." In the private collections of art and industry, there is however much to admire; those belonging to Mr. Aspinwall, Mr. Belmont, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Richards, and Mr. Wright, are among the most interesting. My kind friends have introduced me to the "Studio Buildings," where, under one roof, the American artists are all assembled. Here again, at first, I was somewhat disappointed,—the productions of Bierstadt and Church alone presenting to my mind any appearance of compass or composition: the former unquestionably being a very great artist. Book illustration in this country, Darley's drawings excepted, is also sadly deficient.

Last Sunday night I visited a Darky Meeting-house, where fully three hundred niggers were assembled. The sermon, unfortunately, had just commenced, so I was unable to gather from what fountain rill the full flowing river

of negro eloquence had descended; however, when I come to think of it, I do not know that this much signified—the *spiritual non sequitur* being followed throughout with more than ordinary diligence.

Brother Barnabas—for so must I call our divine, from the want of knowing his proper patronymic, if indeed he ever rejoiced in a surname—was, the moment we entered, discoursing from "Revelations," which he apparently thoroughly understood. "De Debil," we were told, "wid seven heads and ten horns, was walking about to destroy de black man. De Debil, im berry slippery; but Gor was on his jubelatie throne, a waving of the flag of freedom; he had mounted his gospel horse, and was riding round this congregation." Here the preacher's voice was drowned in the hallelujahs of his audience. Silence being partially restored, he continued much in the same vein for half-an-hour or more, notwithstanding many minor interruptions, such as "Bless de Lor," "Talk on," "Dat make

me good," being repeated in chorus at certain intervals. In conclusion, the well known hymn was proposed, commencing, "God moves in a mysterious way;" and "I am glad of it, my brederen," exclaimed the enthusiastic Barnabas, the darkies beating time below. The service ended, producing an impression we have experienced on witnessing the antics of well trained monkeys.

I have said nothing as yet of the New York Clubs, and the wonderful billiard-player, Carme. I have said nothing of the Gymnastic Saloon, where gentlemen, and ladies in short dresses, *sans* corsets, improve their figures by carrying out the able instructions of Mrs. Plum and other authors on the great art of posture. I have said nothing of the barbers of Broadway, of the bounty-jumpers, of the lager-beer and oyster-cellars, and of a thousand other sights and wonders peculiar to this great city. To dilate on these important topics would far exceed my space.

April 1st.—Saturday, the 1st of April, being the day fixed for the trial trip of the steam yacht, the *Octavia*, at 3.30 P.M. saluted and saluting, we glide swan-like along the eddying currents of the rolling Hudson.

Sunday Morning, 9 a.m.—The vasty deep. Our anxious appetites announce the morning meal. We enter the main saloon. Alas! no signs of nourishment. We appeal to the *cuisine*. Alas! no *chef*. We hail the steward. No reply. We summon the servants. No answer. All were ill, and not only ill, but "beastly ill," as one of our party sent to reconnoitre gravely informed us. "Something must be done, gentlemen," exclaimed our Commodore, to which proud position every yacht-owner at once ascends. "*Aide toi et Dieu t'aidera!*" No sooner these words pronounced, than, in less time than the carnal mind could conceive, to our eternal glorification as artists of the oven be it stated, had we prepared and partaken of as hearty a breakfast of eggs and ham, sausages and bacon, as "guzzling Jackee,"

or "gorging Jimee," of historie fame, eould in their wildest dreams, have antieipated. Then beds were made, and eabins broomed by all on board, the domestie element still reeumbent.

April 3rd.—Fortress Monroe. It being our intention to obtain here the necessary passes to General Grant's army of Northern Virginia, at early dawn aeeordingly a halt is ordered. Among the many war ships surrounding this famous fortress, our anehor drops. A boat is manned. We pull ashore, good fortune following, whereby the Provost Marshall, the presiding genius of a military position, is not present to reeeive us—a lueky chanee, as to the non-appearanee of that important personage we may attribute the permissive signature to our future wanderings, so readily afforded by some unauthorised offieial, General Grant having issued positive orders against any eivilian being admitted beyond the batteries of the bay. Aseending the James, in hasty panorama before us lie the wreeks of the *Florida*

and *Congress*, while on either side, desolate, deserted, the once fertile fields of Southern industry. Passing Fort Powhatan, dipping her ensign, the British yacht salutes the Federal flag with all her armament, to which, most courteously the guns on shore at once respond. City Point at length is gained, when with doubting ears we learn from a neighbouring iron-clad the wondrous words, "Petersburg has fallen, Richmond is ours!" With such news afloat, it was not long it may be imagined, before on shore we found ourselves listening at head-quarters to the grand finale of four years' fighting. "At first," continued our informant, "the 'Rebs' were victorious, entering Fort "Steadman under pretence of laying down their arms—the sentinels by this means being noiselessly subdued; then "turning on their enemies, they succeeded, not only in surprising, but in capturing all within their immediate vicinity. "The fight of Sunday last, however, turned the scale, rendering Petersburg and Richmond no longer tenable. "General Lee is hastening to Lynchburg; an entire surrender of his whole army we may now daily anticipate."

The Sunday following proved this true. Returning late, we rejoin our steam-ship, but not before we had persuaded several bloodstained heroes of yesterday—this literally, some but a few hours from the battle-field—to inaugurate their great success in the *Octavia* punch-bowl and champagne-cup.

April 4th.—Last night, it seems, we should have "notified" our arrival at the Admiral's flag-ship, a boat being lowered to learn the cause of this negligence shortly after our disappearance on shore. Breakfast completed, thither therefore we at once repair. Gloomy was the Admiral's greeting, gloomy too were our forebodings. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am glad to see you." "Admiral," said we, "you seem so." To cut a long tale short, we were his prisoners; as we entered, the cruel order for our arrest was being signed, while adjacent gunboats, armed to the teeth, awaited alongside to carry out the fell instructions. We had no right here, we were told; no vessel had any

business to pass the shore batteries or river guard ships; he himself had positively refused all passes, &c. &c. &c. A soft answer, it is said, turneth away wrath, and at this stage of the proceedings a well-timed apology from the Commodore worked wonders. We were forgiven, for although Admiral Porter is well known to be capable of whipping every British flag from the waters, he determined this time on letting ours escape; the cruel order was rescinded, and departing happily, we saw his face no more.

Failing in proper politeness to naval authorities, it was suggested we might mend matters by extra attention to military magnates. By common consent, accordingly, a second visit to the Provost Marshall was decided upon, that official being absent the preceding evening, Entering his office, the General, most politely begging us to be seated, expressed an astonishment equal to that of his friend the Admiral, at our strange appearance within the limit of the

war lines, seeming also much surprised that his sentries had not already captured our gallant little party. Apologies again are offered, and again accepted. To Captain Schonmaker's tent, our host of yesterday, we now return; but, learning from him the impossibility of obtaining any conveyance to the battle-field (ten miles distant), we decide on visiting the military hospitals, where, beneath one roof again united, both North and South are attended to with impartial care, under a military organization of unrivalled excellence.

April 5th.—A friend in need is a friend indeed. Such an one we found in Mr. Huntingdon, chief in command of the Virginian United States Military Railroad. To him we owe the whole success of our enterprise. Hearing of our desire to visit Petersburg and the adjacent battle-fields, a special engine was at once assigned us. Seated on the tender behind, our stock of fire-wood well supplied—no coals on this line employed—away we speed, tearing rapidly

on through scenes more sad than words can tell. On our left, noisily creaking, a gallows tree stands swinging; while far away is heard at intervals the heavy artillery in hot pursuit of General Lee's retreating squadrons. We are at length in Petersburg. We enter the main street; every window closed and barred against the anticipated assaults of Northern assailants, the huge rents in solid masonry proclaiming too truly the horrors of protracted warfare. Some idea of the privations suffered throughout the Southern States, may perhaps be gained from the following entries copied from a price list of the Bolingbroke, the principal hotel and eating house in this city. Reducing the Confederate currency to our English standard, as it was before the war commenced—beef we found 20s. a plateful; eggs, 8s. each; chickens, £8 a pair; oysters, 24s. a dozen; coffee per cup 20s.; a glass of apple brandy, the only spirits in the place, 20s. Our informant I might mention wore a common coat, costing when new between £200 and £300. In this house alone, the trace of thirteen shots were visible. But few inhabitants had as yet left the shelter

of their homes; all, however, with whom we conversed, could not but testify to the wonderful forbearance of their Federal captors. Entering Petersburg after a week's fighting, while 10,000 of their comrades lay dead or dying on the battle-field, not a house had been ransacked, nor did a single instance of intoxication present itself. The fact is, drunkenness is unknown, cold water being the only drink recognised by the commissariat, while the same rule forms part of naval regulations. We make our way to head quarters; General Warren kindly escorting us to the different points of interest within his charge, recommending a visit to Forts "Hell" and "Damnation," if we wish to form a slight opinion of the fight of Sunday last. An intelligent coloured individual, a slave of the preceding week, offers to accompany us, refreshing us the while with many an amusing incident of his late adventures.—With his master, we were informed, he had been running from General Grant a very long while. He had begun to run at Vicksburg; "thin" he run to Savannah, "thin" he run to Charlestown, "thin" he run to Petersburg, when Sambo determined

to be taken "alibe;" and for "eber and eber" he meant henceforth to "jine and combine with the Yankees, and neber to run no more from de eberlasting stars and stripes."

As slowly, beneath a scorching sun and cloudless sky, we near the scene of action, every moment fresh traces of the struggle attract attention. Here a dead horse, a bomb-shell lying beside him, meets our gaze; then another, and another; some in the last stages of decomposition—a dainty dinner for the turkey buzzards, wheeling in thousands above. One poor animal we noticed—a sorrowful spectacle indeed, life as yet was not extinct—his glassy eye still fixed on a little nigger boy, who from a broken pitcher was filling his bleeding mouth with hay and corn-beans, obtained from a deserted stable close at hand. Passing on, we leave behind us the city cemetery, spring violets and yellow cowslips still marking the narrow homes of those who, before this cruel war, had died at peace with God and man.

On many a marble monument, a Richmond rifle ball had left its leaden hand-mark; as step by step every entrance to Petersburg had been hotly lost and won, while Southern fury and Northern courage trembled in the burning balance. We gained at length the outer trenches; thousands of shells bestrewed the pathway, while rifles, bayonets, musket-balls, cartouche-cases, water-flasks, in fact all the muniments of war, lay piled in heaps where their owners, flinging them aside, had either fled or fallen. Then a blood pool comes, and on the fresh turned earth above there lies the fragments of a skull—a human skull, with hair and brains bespatted around. Shuddering, we turn aside, but only to encounter other horrors yet more awful. We are in the presence of death; burial parties have not yet reached this portion of the battle-field, and here the dead men lie stark in the sunshine—some still grasp the musket, while others cling to the water-can; many, bathed in their curdled life-blood, seem but softly sleeping, while few, if any, exhibit the least appearance of having died in agony. We move along the breast-works; "abattis," "stockades,"

and "chevaux de frise," apparently impassable, had here been taken and retaken many times throughout the fierce engagement; the ground all strewn with bullets, or torn with shell, where bursting bombs had rent the earth in mounds like rifle-pits; at every footstep dark brown patches attract attention, explaining too truly how blood had poured and souls had fled, while others—soon perhaps to follow—had trampled on the lifeless slain. Our train awaits in an adjacent cutting, nor are we sorry to close our eyes for ever on a sight so sickening to humanity.

April 7th.—The road to Richmond will be this morning open to Federal traffic, and Mr. Huntingdon has kindly promised we shall be the first to enter Richmond by railway communication. Away betimes accordingly, passing Petersburg at 11 A.M.; with two hours travelling we near our journey's end, a smell of burning warning us of the close proximity we were in to the scene of conflagration. A sudden turning in the road, and Richmond—ruined

Richmond—lies before us. Thick rain-clouds envelope the landscape, while, from the city beyond the river, dense smoke-mists wreath and curl in the heavy atmosphere. Crossing a pontoon bridge—all other communication destroyed—the rain descending in torrents, we climb the main street. On either hand—blackened—deserted—marble columns, splendid dwellings, spacious street rows, extend in ruin before us; while in many places the once wealthy owners might be remarked among the smoking cellars, busy searching for articles of value, concealed there before the conflagration commenced. Concerning this most barbarous sacrifice of private property, we were informed by a brother mason, apparently a most respectable person, that the Southern General Ewell was not—as commonly reported—to be blamed, a solemn convention of both civil and military dignitaries having unanimously decided to spare the town, the destruction witnessed being but the result of secret malice or lawless outrage. But one hotel was open to the reception of strangers; the few remaining shops that had escaped the conflagration, we noticed, were

closely barred, an unnecessary precaution, for, to the eternal honour of Federal arms be it told, not a house had been ransacked, nor did one single instance of wilful destruction occur, while brigade after brigade of victorious soldiery had poured unresisted into the defenceless citadel. The history of warfare affords few parallels.

The President's house, the Capitol, Castle Thunder, and the notorious Libby prison, now filled to overflowing with Confederate prisoners, we visit in hasty succession, the rain still rapidly falling.

A return is talked of, which by the courtesy of a steamer party arriving during our stay at Richmond, we are enabled to effect by water, giving us the opportunity to inspect in person the famous fortifications we had heard so much of. American river boats are not long on their journey, fifteen knots an hour being but average

steam propulsion in the United States. Aloug the banks throughout our eourse are strewn "torpedos" (some eontaiuing as much as 1,700 pouuds of powder), while guus and mortars frowu harmless above. In the river, we are informed, many torpedos still remain, the dangerous vieinity marked out by unpretending little ensigns floating red above the water line. Later in the eveuiug we had some eause for eongratulation on our narrow eseape from so disastrous a neighbourhood, a river eaptain calmly informing us, that since our return the *Epsilon*, a dispateh boat under his command, "had quietly goue to glory," he alone eseaping.

April 8th.—A seeoud inspeetion of the hospitals, a visit to President Lineoln, an *Octavia* dinner party, eoncluding with a musical eutertainment and a dance ou board a Washington mail boat. These were the principal features for to-day's eousideration. Furnished by the kindness of our military friends with horses and orderlies,

after breakfast we are soon under weigh, anxious to carry into effect without delay our first intention.—Wishing to bring back a more palpable souvenir of our hospital visit, in the form of a pencil sketch, the tent of a wounded Southerner is selected as a basis of operation. Our chance-met friend, a fine intelligent man and colonel in the Confederate army, seemed glad to see us, and could not speak too highly of the generous treatment he had received. Left by his own men for dead on the battle-field, his life restored through the timely intervention of a marauding party, from first to last he had received nought but kindness from those he had been taught to look upon as his most deadly enemies. The President was on board the *River Queen* when, later in the day, our party pulled alongside, and requested an interview. In a few moments we had all shaken hands with "Cæsar." Rocking in his easy chair, "Honest Abe," graciously receiving our compliments, expressed with a cheerful though somewhat careworn countenance, his unfeigned happiness at the apparent speedy termination of a struggle so disastrous to both North

and South; the conversation interspersed throughout with that lively vein of wit and humour so peculiar to President Lincoln. Our dinner, and the dancing party previously alluded to, and at which were assembled some of the fairest of the New York fair, it need hardly be stated, were a great success.

April 9th.—Our wanderings are soon to cease. By sunrise City Point is seen no more. By sunset Fortress Monroe is also far astern. Halting for the night, for fear of sand-banks, we resume our course the following morning. Mount Vernon rises on our left, where lie the last remains of America's great statesman. With tolling bell and lowered ensign, an universal custom, the *Octavia* steams on to the city rendered famous by his name—to Washington. From our cross-trees the Federal capital is now in sight, while the Capitol or Senate House, rears, giant-like, above all other objects.

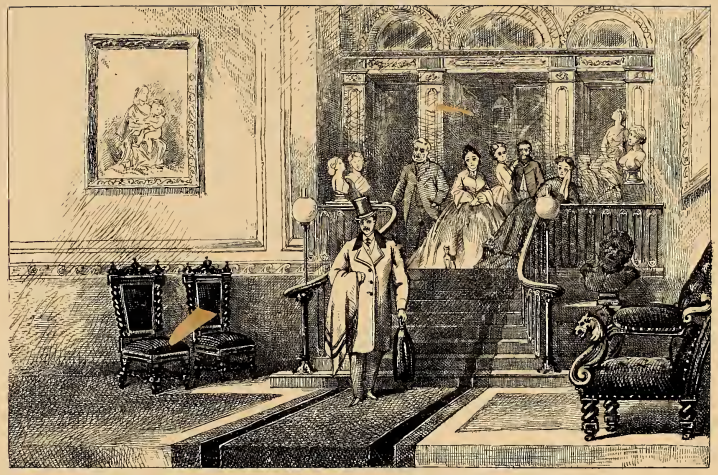
Monday, 10th.—The Government buildings once visited in Washington, there is positively nothing to detain a stranger. Returned to New York this morning, we resume once more, with crowded memories, the dull routine of everyday existence; our late adventures existing only but as pleasing recollections of a busy past.

April 15th.—President Lincoln is no more! Visiting the theatre last night as usual, he was shot through the head by an assassin, supposed to be Booth the actor. Such was the news that greeted us this April morning on awaking from our peaceful slumber. Nor does the fearful tragedy end here; Secretary Seward, stabbed in the throat, lies senseless at his house in Washington. Later in the day the guilt of Booth is proved beyond conjecture. In the city, business has entirely ceased; men walk about with strange inquiring countenance. As yet no outbreak has occurred.

April 18th.—Attended a meeting held this morning by the English in New York to express the deep-felt sympathy with which we, as British subjects, lament the untimely end of President Lincoln. Sorrow reigns supreme. Every citizen has assumed a badge of mourning, while the houses, draped in black, contribute to the general gloom.

April 25th.—In solemn state the President's body has passed our doorway. An able ruler, a faithful husband, an indulgent father, has to-day received from a grateful people the final tribute to a memory which shall long be cherished in the hearts of those he wrought and fought for.

My Journal ceases. Recalled to England, I shall, I trust, at some future period, resume the many friendships sincerely formed in a land where I have received so much heartfelt hospitality.



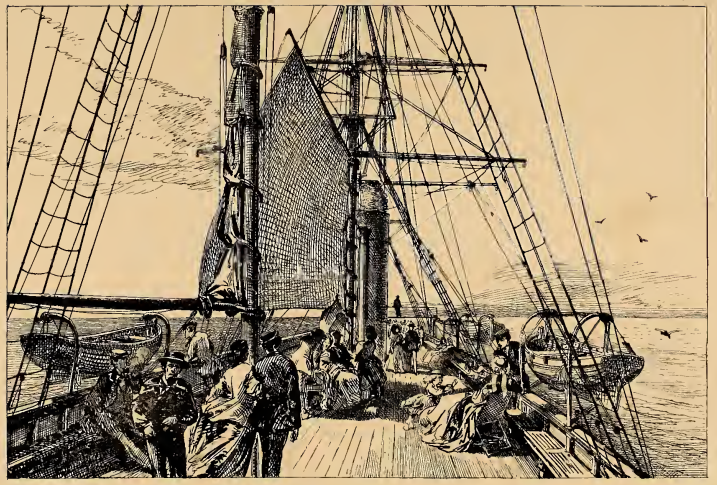
WESTWARD HO!

LONDON TO LIVERPOOL.

Martin Kastner & Alex Jenkins Lith.rs to the Queen.
75 Cheapside London.

THE LAST OF THE LADIES.

Kuchen Markwell & Hagger Lith.rs to the Queen.
37 Walbrook London.



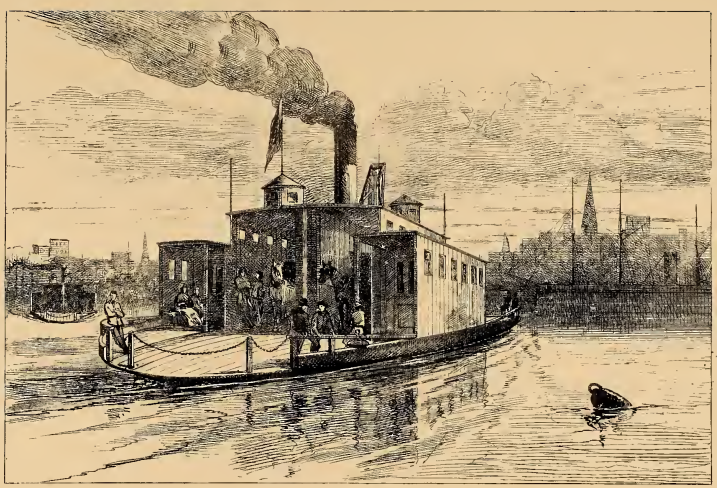
AN ATLANTIC CALM.

Machen Hachfeld & Co. engrs. Lahr? to Her Queen.
T. Nelson & Sons. London.

THE REVERSE.

WE ENTER THE HUDSON

Mention Harper's Monthly when ordering Duplicates or for Prices.
J. H. Bufford's Sons Boston

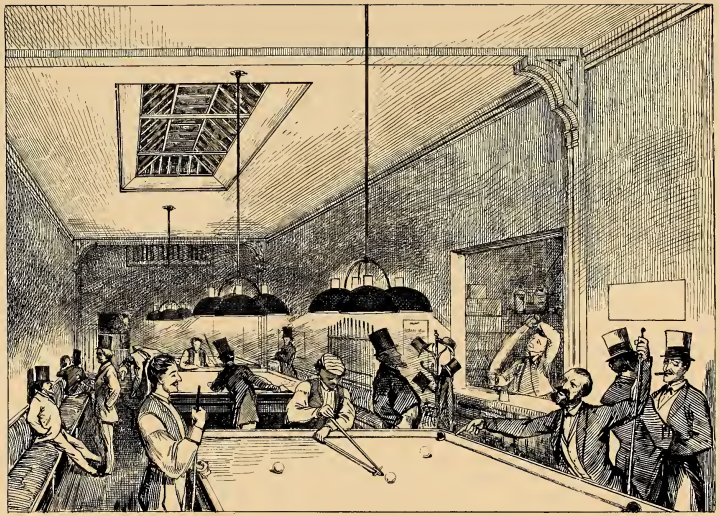


A NEW YORK FERRY BOAT.

Walker Boutall & Macfarlane Lithos to the Queen.
39 Walbrook London

BOUNTY JUMPERS, BROADWAY.

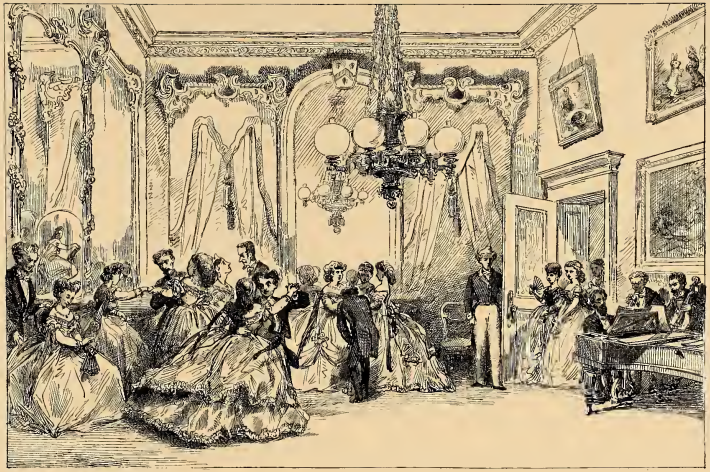
Kuhn Bernhard & Wagner Lith.rs & Le Quesne
31 Tabernacle, London



A NEW YORK BILLIARD ROOM.

RIDING IN A RAILROAD CAR.

Walter Reichardt & Wm. Jones Lithos. to Her Queen.
17 Wellington Terrace.

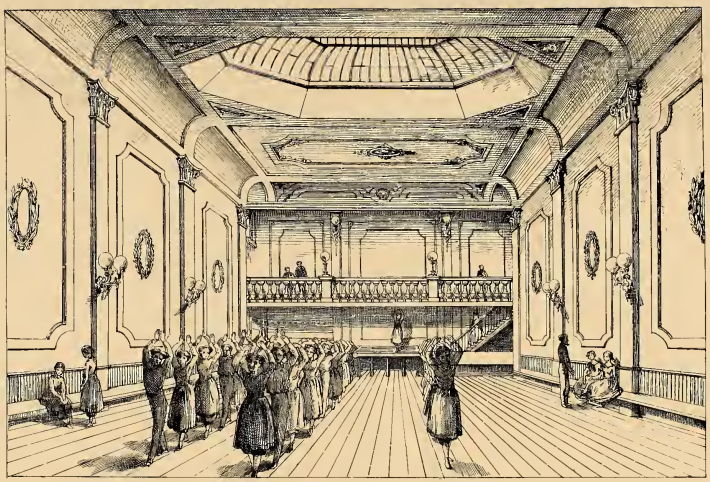


A BREAD AND BUTTER PARTY, 5TH AVENUE.

Malby & Sherwood's Lithographic Works to the Queen.
37 Wellington Street, Strand.

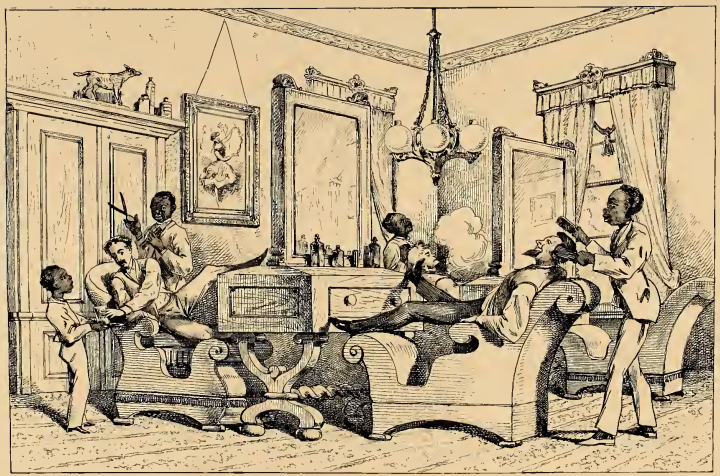
THE DARKIES IN CHURCH.

Walker Martineau & Morgan "Ellis" to the Queen.
39 Wellbeck Lond.



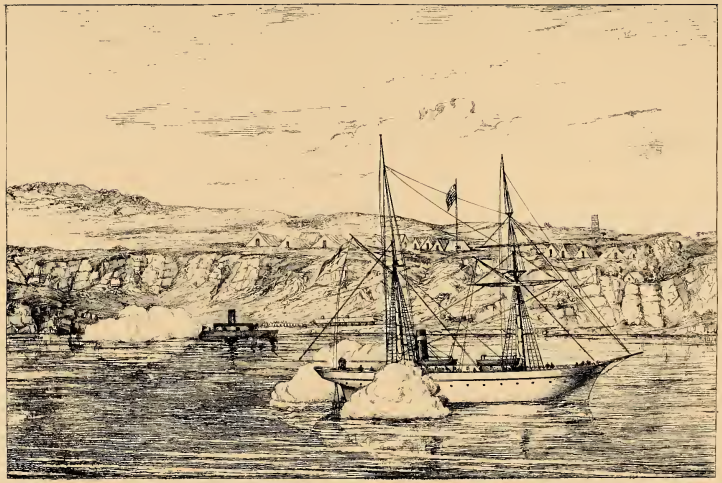
Mrs PLUM AND HER PUPILS.

Walter Macdonald & Mortimer Lithos to the Queen.
77 Newcastle Tottenham

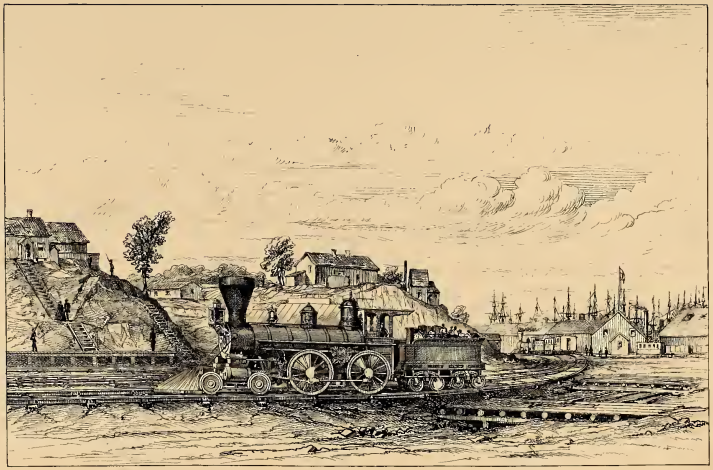


"HAIR FIXING."

Walter Hammond, Esq. Engraver to the Queen.
Pall Mall East London.



POWHATTEN ON THE JAMES.



FEDERAL HEAD QUARTERS, CITYPOINT.

Walker Kirkwood & Mackenzie Lithog.rs to the Queen.
11 Pall Mall East.

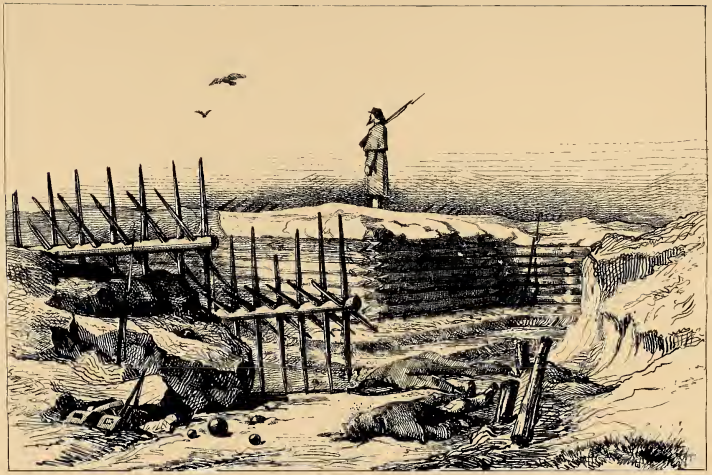
NORTHERN HOSPITALS.

Walker & Boutall lithographed to the Queen.
33 Walbrook London

AWAY TO THE FRONT."

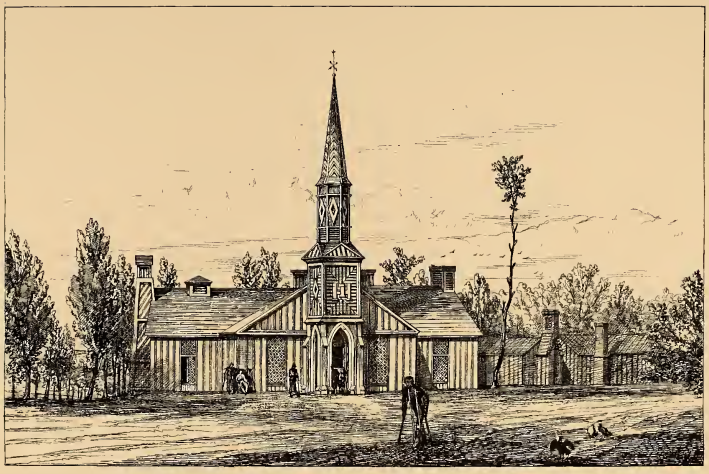
A SCENE IN THE TRENCHES.

Keulers Marshall & Kingsgate Sheriff to the Queen.
W. Wilcox del. Lowdale.



FORT DAMNATION.

Walter Marigold & Co. "Page Gilt" to the Queen
19 Widnes Rd. Liverpool.



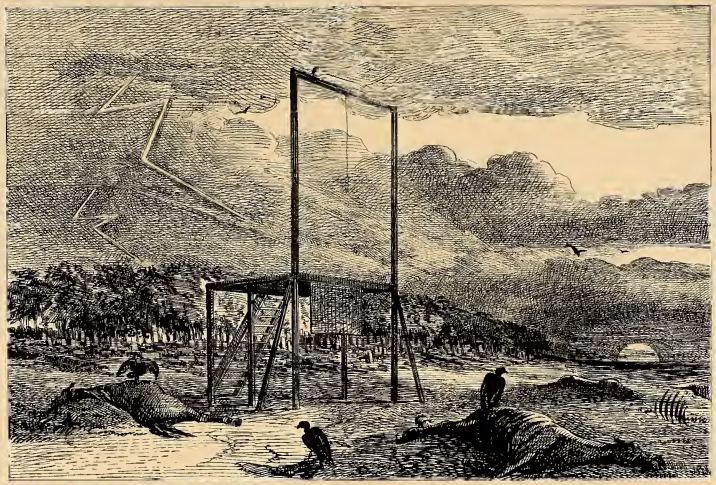
CAMP CHURCH OF THE 56TH NEW YORK ENGINEERS.

[ERECTED IN 14 DAYS.]

Wm. H. Rockwell & Jas. Jerome Gilbert to the Queen.
To accompany Vol. II.

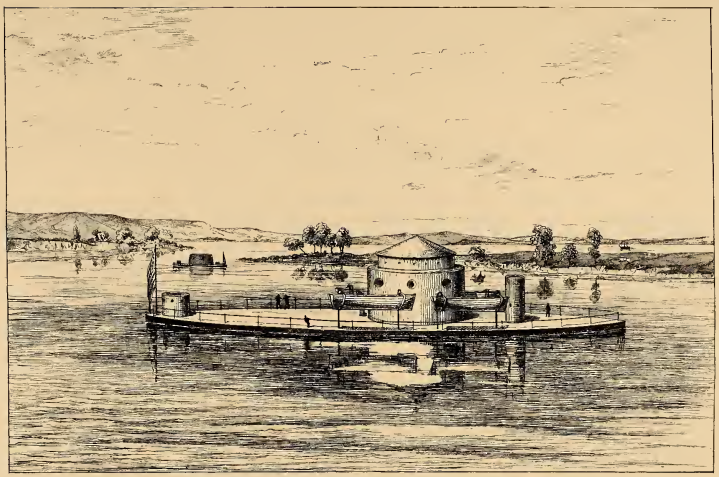
PETERSBURG ON THE APPOMATOX.

Walker, Kimball & Houghton Lith.rs - 54 Devon
Worcester Mass.



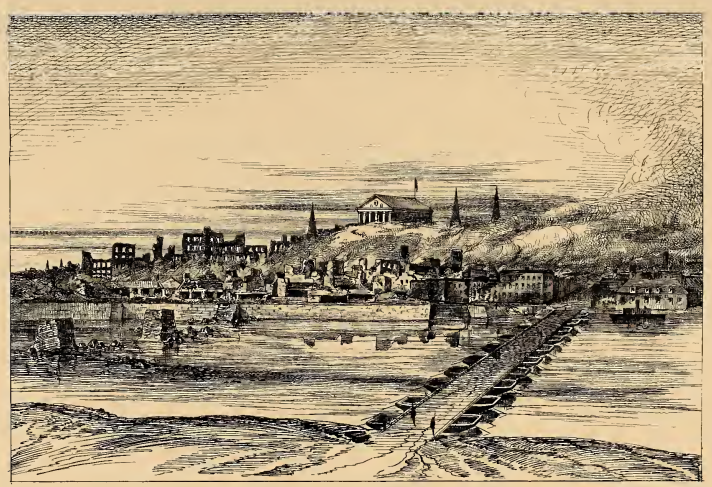
THE PITKIN GALLOWS.

Bradbury Wormald & Co. photo Lith.rs to the Queen.
19 Wells St. London.



THE ROAD TO RICHMOND.

Machin Martinez & Mac Lean Graph^ts to the Queen.
27 Walbrook London

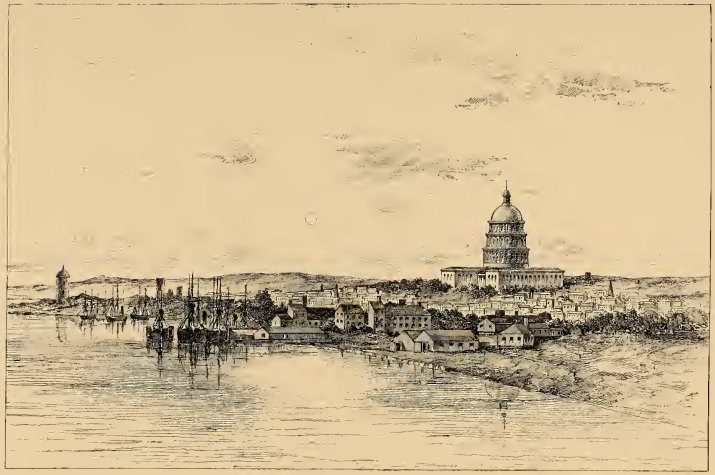


RICHMOND IN RUINS.

Moulton Mackenzie & Mc-gregor Lith.rs to Her Majesty
11 Wellington Square Dublin

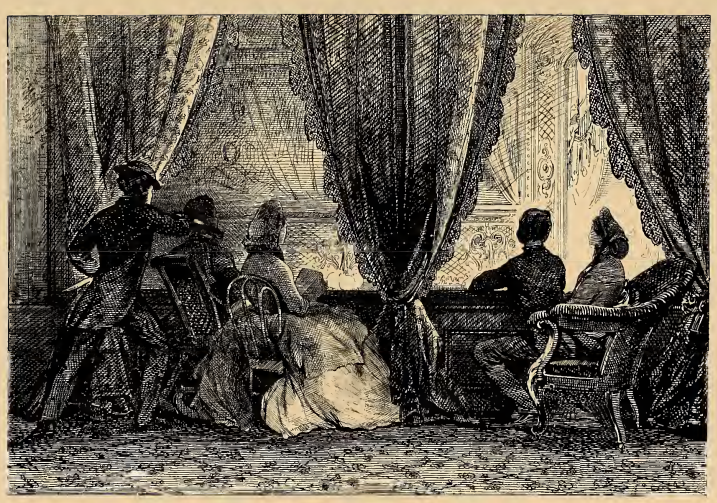
LATE RESIDENCE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Mullen Marshall & Mc Jerry Lith.rs to the Queen.
17 Wellington St. Toronto.



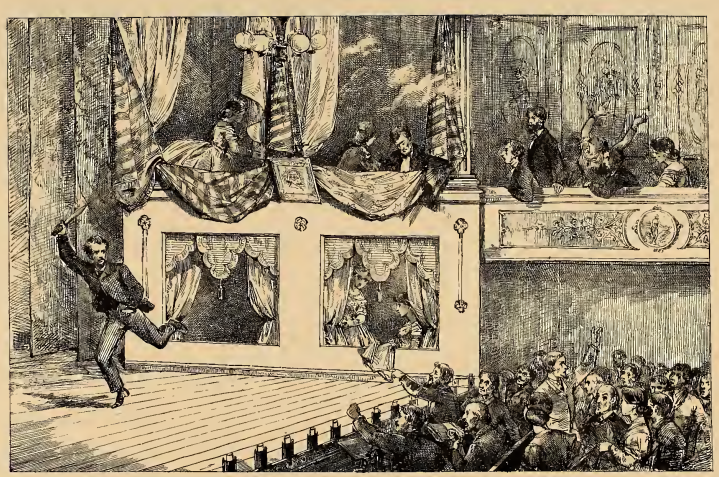
WASHINGTON.

Maclure Macdonald & Macgregor Lith.rs to the Queen
11 Cockspur St. London.



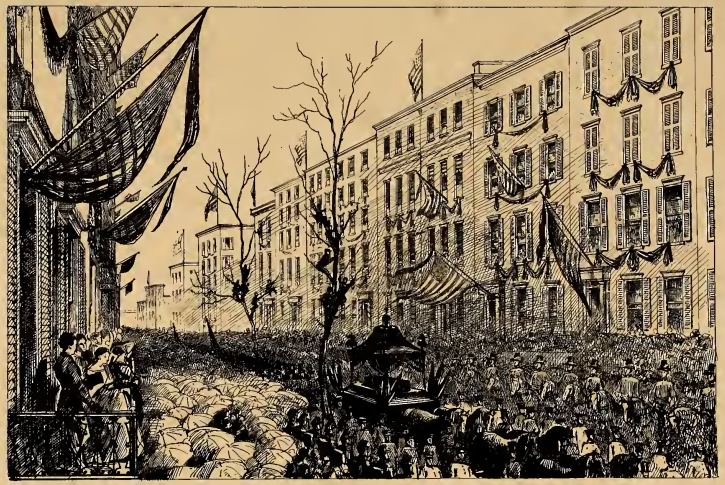
WASHINGTON, APRIL 14TH 1865.

Walker Boutwell & Burgess Engr's to the Trade.
T. Nelson & Sons Edinburgh



THE ASSASSIN'S ESCAPE.

Mitchell Kennerley & Marquis Edhell to the Queen.
17 Tudor St London



NEW YORK, APRIL 25TH 1865.

Hallen Kupferstich & Wiedergabe Anstalt in Leipzig
Photographie von Hesse

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